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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

SPANISH FRIARS PRACTICING HAIL COLUMBIA.

BY D. E. C.

One scorching day along the Tajo,
Not many leagues from Talavera,
More flushed than Michael, when Iago
Played with success the subtle snarer,
Though not from dark eyes winsome flashing.
Nor memories of the Alameda,
To the swift river's sullen plashing,
I trudged, a dusty promenader.

I see you smile; so, I protest,
I'll blurt the truth without evasion;
Some Madrid friends had just imprest
My pistoles, with pasteboard persuasion—
I don't mean those I once had, filled,
Admired by Sancho, muleteer—
Nay pangs of conscience ne'er be stilled
In that perfidious Murcian here!

But coins, that people lose at monte,
Whether they will, sometimes, or no;
Leaving account, wh rein the *contra*,
Is such they promptly will bestow,
With blessing, on the beggar nearest;
And filled with generous ecstasy,
Of all our transports still the dearest,
Lose naught, though almoners they be.

And thus it was, and not for pleasure,
Flanked by the peaks of Guadalupe,
I came that day's pedestrian measure,
With forces muscular to troop.
Mine was the Gallic conscript's story,
The kernel hid beneath the draping;
His march, you know, is first for glory,
And then—because there's no escaping.

Collapsed for lack of the quotidian
Garlicky stew I long had fed on,
I hailed the shadow, at meridian,
Some gaished cork trees the highway shed on;
Watching the hot air outside dancing,
I soon forgot all earthly cumber;
A caballero soon was prancing,
All glorious, in the land of slumber.

The sun his seaward rays had slanted,
When sounds unwont my senses stirred;
Not such as are of groves enchanted,
By poets in their attics heard;
Not such as Pythia's organ clamored,
Nor yet the spheral harmonies,
Nor Orphean strains, that Hell enamored,
Nor pastoral pipings on sighing breeze:

Nor symphony, that gently ended,
Each morn, the sleep of young Montaigne,
Nor ecstasy, with pathos blended,
What time in city streets complain,
Of hot June midnights, youth's forlorner
Than ghosts that line the Stygian shore,
Unheeded, save that at the corner,
A rapt policeman calls for more.

Ragged they came from friars, seated
Around a flask of moscatel;
As each the fruity beverage meted
To throat, that wave-like rose and fell,
Till the symphonic suspiration,
That gulp-born sigh, the bacchic bliss,
Outgushing in its exaltation—
Each looked, Ah! what a world it is.

Three friars, so differently moulded
By Nature, freakish or severe,
The germs of oglness unfolded,
In ruby radiance blossomed here.
Ghastly and gaunt was Brother Jose,
Gaunter and grislier Isidore,
With countenance demure and dozy,
And quavering voice cracked o'er and o'er.

Jose's superfluous monkish matter,
Spun out in reaches of dimension,
Apportioned to his comrade's stature,
Had, with a little gentle tension,
Produced the average longitude
That boys aspire to, ere they cherish
Those promptings of the amorous mood,
To Rose and raptures, or—to perish.

But Vincent, hearty, chattering, laughing,
With friskiness throned in his eye,
To which his portly paunch, when quaffing,
Shook, sympathetic, a reply.
Greasy content and brisk digestion
Entrenched within his girdle's measure,
Which, all unabrank by qualm or question,
Bulged bravely on the evening azure

Nor yet complete the frescoed picture;
Asthmatic utterance, Isidore,
Of tone a satire and a stricture,
Drew, dismal, from a warped guitar;
And Jose sang a unique air,
To all this instrumental jangle,
'Twas like a mercer's rapid tear,
Merged in the creaking of a mangle.

Here makes a spring the cat-like carper
Upon my musical negations;
(By odds, Pompeso still is sharper
Than all his critical relations;)
And, "Why the deuce, sir, did you tarry
O'er Nots and Nors?" demands he, grimly;
Which I, poor I, but meekly parry
With, "Sir, I hadn't hit the rim'le."

To say the strain that Jose warbled,
By Jose rendered, was lugubrious,
Were merciful description, garbled
In sheer good nature, more than dubious.
In English born, yet no old ballad
By minstrel harped; raid of Northumbria;
Story of palmers' prowess hallowed;
It was—ye syrens! "Hail Columbia."

It, into slow Castilian kneaded,
Lagged on the staff of Jose's chant,
In naive lazing, that exceeded
Sauntering of sunniest mendicant.
This Hail Columbia, now, who was she?
"A heathen goddess," Jose thought her.
"No so, not so," urged Vincent briskly,
"She was a holy female martyr."

"A happy *land!* dwell fuller, Jose!
Dost sink your voice, but let it hover;
A la-a-end, *a Dios Gracias!* rosy;
It is a happy land all over!"
"I've heard," continued Vincent, musing—
Capturing a cornered flea the while—
"Freedom that sacred soil's affusing,
With blessings in the Roman style."

Vincent, they're heretics; Dolores
Told me 'tis said in the "*Gazeta*"—
Silencio! that quean's idle stories,
A flippant, ignorant, gadding prater.
With Christianizing zeal resplendent,
The ancient plan they have deserted,
The gospel prize too much to send it
To dusky Congoes, unconverted,

To fail by heterodox impugning,
But clap them first in durance claustral,
A means of grace termed barracooning,
Then bring the Pagans to the Gospel.
Scriptures? What texts benign they marshal
To sanctify the way they wage?
I hardly know, but b'lieve they're partial
To what they call "the middle passage."

"Hah! Have they colleges and missions,
With Fathers, Vincent, full of unction,
To turn the infidels to Christians,
Pursuant of their blessed function?
For wooly-headed heathen? *Grulla!*
I hold thy weakness in abhorrence;
Coil—*fuera!* recollect their color!
No! by the gridiron of Saint Lawrence!

"Yet, Hail Columbian zeal enhancing,
A holy zeal that fears no trial;
Hateful of wickedness like dancing,
Stands, first of virtues, self-denial;
Although the Pagans, unperjured,
Plague sore the saints who consecrate them,
These, still untired, by heaven directed,
Patient to proselytize, await them.

"And then to godliness subduing,
Their natures recusant and rude,
Quenched the old Adam past renewing,
The vacuum fill with spiritual food.
At last, when saintly saturation
Has done its work, nor left a blot on,
The converts prove, by apt relation,
T' emblem of purity, the cotton."

"By Saint Ignacio, that seems pious!"
Was Jose's fervent exclamation;
"May Satan never more defy us!"
Chimed Isidore, in attestation.
Then o'er the tuneless chords he wander'd—
A holier rage informed his action;
Jose the new Evangel pondered,
And drained the flask in trance'd abstraction.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For the National Era.

A PALACE IN GENOA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

II—Continued.

"Well, now listen carefully. I want a place where I can conceal myself safely until I can get out out of the country, which I may not be able to do for three or four days or a week, possibly. Can you assist me in finding such a place? You can help me very much in that way, since no one will ever suspect you of being my agent."

"Fac'," said George, scratching his head in profound thought. "You wants to go 'way in a ship, I reck'n."

"Yes."

"And till you finds de right one, you wants to lay low, kinder, so as de police 'll never ketch you?"

"Exactly."

"Ki! who you think 'd look for you whar' I'm a gwine to stow you 'way? Told you I knowed de right kind o' help."

"How do you mean, George?"

"Why, marster, you see, I'm got it all drawn up, like sea cap'n's big chart, and it's plain sailin'. My old woman, she keeps an eister-cellar over thar' on the rivah—way up town, in alley back of a lumber yard. She keeps it for de canawlers and steamboat hands, and I is 'prietor—tends de bar o' nights mostly. You know what kind a place 'tis, mostly collud persons usin' thar', but sometimes a gentleman gets drunk about in de neighbo'hood, and comes down for more liquor; sometimes ship cap'ns too, jest home, on a bender. So you kin go in widout people sayin' much 'bout it. Well, that thar's gist what you want. You hide your watch, mind, get your clothes dirty, your neck-handkereher all crooked an' undone, an' your hat smashed in, jest like as if you was on a big drunk—then you cut 'cross lots, through the lumber yard, like you is lost your way you know, and come down into the shop. Thar' you order all sorts of eisters at onst, play very drunk a little while, and go to sleep in a cheer. After that I fix all the rest, sir. It's not pleasant for you, marster, but them police is very sharp, and some nigger loafers about my place mout take into thar' heads to smell a rat.

"I know, George. Where is the place? I will go with you, and trust you in everything—and you shall not lose by it."

"You only trust me, and I make de right kind of offing"—said George, confidently. Then he suggested the expediency of dismissing the hack and pursuing their way on foot. As Mr. Lloyd was about to comply, George pulled out a greasy pocket-book, and began opening it, carefully avoiding to look at the banker, fumbling with his fingers, and showing evident embarrassment. At last he drew a note out, and held it out to Mr. Lloyd, saying, "marster, it'll look best for *you* to pay de hack hire, you know—in case you isn't got any change about you."

"My God!" said Mr. Lloyd, with vivid emotion, "what have I done to deserve this friend! No, George, put it up. I deceived you, my noble fellow. I have plenty of money about me for my own wants, and enough to reward your services—though I can never repay your kindness."

George looked much disappointed. Unmoved edly he had expected to discharge his debt to Mr. Lloyd by providing for him in every way, and this discovery that he was not actually penniless, robbed him of half his delight, since it prevented him, he thought, from demonstrating the entirely disinterested character of his intended service.

However, his plans were put in execution, and so nicely were they arranged, that, just about the time that the first rumors of his defalcation were bruited about, Mr. Lloyd staggered down the steps of a miserable little oyster-cellar, and flung himself into a ricketty chair, feigning to be completely overcome by drink. There were several negroes in the shop, and George, who had taken his wife's place behind the bar, amused them with his comments upon the intruder.

"Thar's another of them thar' sea-cap'ns—how they does drink!"

"*He* no sea-cap'n," said one of the gazers—"his hands is too white for thar ar profession."

"Now, that's jest a fac', Mr. Cotton," said George, patronizingly. "I am surprised at your eyes. You'd make fust-rate police, you would. What you say he is? Must be gen'l'man from Virginny, I reck'n. Somehow, dey likes people of color, dey does. I has observed dey always finds out thar' habitations when dey gits on a bender."

"Dey feels at home 'mongst 'em, I reck'n; case dey raises so many of 'em. You never notice dat horse-jockeys is never kinder at home only when dey is hangin' about de stables?"

"Habits is werry inclined to git de upper hand of us," remarked a third party, with grave abstraction.

"Some oysters, boy," muttered the banker.

"Thar'—exactly what I said, Mr. Cotton," triumphantly said George. "Them Virginny folks always nominates us 'boys,' if we is as old as Jerusalarum hisself. How you'll have 'em, sir?"

"Broiled."

"Thar' it is again. That ar's the third count of de evidence, as de lawyers says. Virginny men are the greatest folks for briles I ever see. The sun down thar' briles 'em so much, I reckon dey wants to pay him back."

"Sho," said Mr. Cotton, contemptuously; "dat ar's rale falsetto reasoning, dat is; dey loves briles same as New Yorkers loves clams, same as Yankees loves poke an' beans, same as collud people loves catfish."

"How's dat way?"

"How! Why, 'case—'case dey do—'case it's thar' nature."

"Ei! then it's de niggar's natur to love whisky, you conject, Mr. Cotton; that ar' you preposition?"

"You go 'long, George. You drink jest as much whisky as I does, I reckon. So do white folks," added he, indicating Mr. Lloyd with his thumb.

"Spec' white folks wont eat thar' eisters this time. Spec' they be dead 'sleep 'fore the eisters is done briled."

Mr. Lloyd speedily acted on this hint, and feigned sleep, snoring.

"Thar' he goes, 'way off to Jericho. Gosh! I wouldn't swap heads wid him to-morrow mornin'. Best let him sleep her off a little, and wake him up time for his evenin' cocktail. Now, you Tipsico! you come 'way from thar'! Spos'n that ar' gentl'man he lose his watch, how you like me to say you was de neares' on to him?"

"How you know he's got a watch, in de fust place?" retorted Mr. Tipsico. "*I* doesn't see none."

"How I know he's got a watch? Now, look hyar, Tipsico, I bet you five dollar he's got a watch. How do I know. Gosh, how I know de sun go down 'fore dark, hey! Tell *me!* You ever in you life see a gen'l'man from Virginny without a watch? You think people what owns so many niggers is goin' to do 'dout watches? Its rael s'prisin' what inyorance dere is in de world, ain't it, Mr. Cotton? Not got a watch! Fooh! Dar minds me of old Guinea nigger I seed down in Orleans onst, board ship. He was a fust-rate cook, but de inyorantest nigger I ever seen. He war actilly so inyorant, Mr. Cotton, dat he didn' know what funder an' lightnin' was—use to call 'em calabash."

"*You* nee'n't say nothin' 'bout inyorance, George," retorted the offended Tipsico, "I reck'n you did'n' even know whar de Bowery was, till I showed you."

"See hyar, Mr. Tipsico, ef you can't come into my place of business without a strivin' to aggrawate me, an' make a 'sturbance, I doesn't want none of yer comp'ny, now. Dat's all."

Mr. Tipsico and his associates, declaring themselves aggrieved, said that they were not anxious to remain in "de ole one-hoss crib," and took their leave with great dignity. This was what George wanted. He told Mr. Lloyd that he would soon be able to take him where he could have quiet, and then passed into the kitchen, to explain matters to his wife, leaving the banker to his own reflections upon the part he was playing. We do not envy them, nor will the reader be apt to do so.

"Soon as it gits a little later, sir," said George, returning from his colloquy with the old woman," whom he had much ado to prevent from melting into fat grief, "we'll put you in the big room up sta'rs, and say you're gone for good. It's mighty unpleasant, I know, but keep it up a little longer. Act stupid drunk. Some of dese people's mighty curious, sometimes."

In a few minutes Mr. Lloyd heard a great row in the rear of the shop, and a colored girl came hastily out, followed by George, both talking very loudly.

George. "You black huzzy! you go an' steal my best Sunday han'kercher, will you?"

Girl. "Didn' do no sech thing, you know I didn', now."

George. "I smash you over de mouf, if you lie to me dat way. You been stealin' ever since you been in dis house, an' I aint goin' to put up wid it. You got to go."

Girl. "Never stole nothin', s' help me, God."

George. "Well, den, I send for p'leeceman, an' s'arch your chist—you got dat han'kercher, I know you is."

Girl (crying.) "Shan't s'arch my chist, no how. I aint got none o' yer han'kerchers, you knows wery well I isn't."

George (slightly mollified.) "Well, you're got to go, any how, so pack up. I ain't a goin' to have nobody 'bout my place what I suspicions of stealin'. Git out yer chist quick, now, I'll pay yer wages, and you kin walk—hurry up."

After she was gone, Mr. Lloyd said:

"George, do not be too harsh with her; she is ignorant, and perhaps it is only her first offence."

But the sad pathos and stricken shame of these words was lost entirely upon George, who laughed loud.

"Ya, hah!" said he, drawing a striped bandanna from his pocket, "she ain't stole it, bless you soul, though she have been a stealin' somethin', I reck'n, 'case she didn't want her chist s'arched. That ar was a dodge of mine to git rid of her, 'case she's got an oncommon long tongue, even for a gal, an' it wouldn't do to have her about de house while you is here. I'll give her two shillings, some o' dese days, an' that 'ill make it all right wid her, same as if I'd told her she was an angel."

Indeed, throughout the whole of this eventful evening, George showed himself as full of resources as the veritable Figaro, or one of Le Sage's Spanish valets. To "cl'ar de kitchen," as he phrased it, he slipped out the back way, through the lumber-yard, and raised a vehement alarm of fire, which was effective in causing the whole alley to be deprived of its occupants. Under cover of this *coup de main*, George proposed to Mr. Lloyd to retire to the place prepared for him, assuring him that he could now make every one believe that the stranger was gone away. The banker followed his faithful friend up a narrow stair-way, into a neat room on the second floor, which, though narrow and small, and poorly furnished, was most scrupulously clean.

"Our best room, sir; we don't have no use for it as a bed-room, and only sometimes for people when dey wants private eister parties. The old woman put her best sheets on de bed, what her ma gave her long ago, when white folkses sheets and kiver. De place is not good enough for you, sir, but 'deed it's de very best we's got. Now, sir, you have somethin' to eat up hyar? De old woman is de elegantest cook I ever see. She war brung up in one of de fust fam'lies of Virginny. What'll you have? Sposin' I was to bring you up a nice beefsteak an' coffee?"

"No, thank you, George. I want nothing just now—nothing but rest, for I am very weary, very weary. I have not slept for a week, and I think I can sleep here—I know I can lie down here without any danger, in perfect confidence, George, and, if you will believe me, with renewed hope—for, when in the depth of my despair, God has permitted me to find such a friend as you—what may not be his purposes towards me—thank you, George, and thank your wife for providing me such a nice bed."

And, flinging himself down in complete exhaustion, this glory and shame of all the Lloyds, this mighty banker, fresh from his dainty apartments in the St. Bobolink, slept well and soundly under the humble negro's roof, feeling that it was the roof of a friend, and a sanctuary for him. So slept great Pompey in the fisherman's hut, after Pharsalia. When Actium's sea-fight was over, great Antonius pillowed his shame-bathed head upon Cleopatra's bosom. Did *he* sleep?

George's child became suddenly ill, it was reported, and the shop had to be closed, for fear she should be disturbed. So the tempest-driven, foundering bark found a moment's safe haven, a moment's anchorage, at the mouth of a river, whose name is Lethe. If she sets sail again, jury masts rigged, will she ever come more into such placid waters? Never—until another river receives her—a river whose tarn-like, dismal, sluggish waters, no plummet has ever sounded, no anchor taken hold in—the river whose name is Styx. A far different river, that, from the fordable stream beyond Beulah—John Bunyan's river Jordan.

Never was man more kindly treated than Mr. Lloyd during the four days of his concealment in George's house. And this concealment was the most complete that it was possible for him to effect; and he needed it, for the hue and cry was terrible. It was also very easy for him, from this honest stand-point, to make the requisite preparations for his flight and final safety. George was a man of versatile talents, a perfect Crichton in his way, and had, as we have said, followed many occupations—among others, that of sailor. Thanks to the professional knowledge thus obtained, he was able to put Mr. Lloyd in communication with a captain, who, for a sufficient consideration, engaged to take him to Spain, via Liverpool, in which latter city the banker wished to stop to secure an English passport, and convert into available funds the large exchanges and securities which he had in his possession.

George had also, in early life, served an apprenticeship in the art tonsorial, and hence had many acquaintances in that business. From one of these, who was of a theatrical turn, and furnished masquerade apparel, he obtained a wig, a false beard, and a disguise in character, which our colored friend took an especial delight in seeing the banker assume, making here and there an alteration until it was artistically perfect; and the stately Beale Lloyd was converted into a valetudinarian of seventy years, whose skin was jaundiced by a diseased liver, and whose legs confessed, with a halt, more than one painful visit from that fierce enemy of the *Epicuri gregis*—gout. He was to affect an accent also, and to personate a French planter from Martinique, on his way to the Mediterranean, in search of health.

When not engaged in arrangements for his departure, Mr. Lloyd had all the newspapers, which George got him—only, however, after being commanded to do so. He read them all, every word—smiled at the epigrams, critically inspected the portraits of himself, the pictures of his office, his rooms, his villa, fac similes of his handwriting, of the forged certificates, &c., which were published in the pages of an illustrated weekly. The last time he had looked through that journal, he remembered it had contained the likeness of a notorious desperado, of his cell in the Tombs, and of the scene of his execution for murder. And yet, George could not notice that Mr. Lloyd felt *these* things. Were his sensibilities torpid from despair, or did what was said lose its effect upon him from being overdrawn, or untrue, or failing to probe the matter to its depths, and to touch the secret spring which alone could open to view that drowning heart? Whatever it was, he could read and smile, though George did not dare even to let "marster" know he himself was able to stumble through a sentence, lest he should fear a diminution of his respect towards him. More, he could pleasantly instance to George the fact of the large reward offered for information respecting his whereabouts, and how easy it would be to enrich himself by a word. But he only did this once; for poor George seemed to fancy the mentioning of the fact indicated suspicion and alarm on the banker's part, and his dismayed distress was extreme, for he had sagacity enough to be aware that should such distrust exist, it would place a thousand obstacles in his way, and was a thing that could not be remedied, except by the event.

"Marster," said he, going out of the room, and returning almost instantly again, "that ar is a mort o' money, and I is nothin' but a poor collured man. Answer me one word—what'd you do, sooner'n be ketched?"

"I'd rather die by my own hand, George—ten thousand times rather—now that I have read how men judge me."

"I thought that ar was your sentiments, Mr. Lloyd—so, ef de money *should* put de devil inter me, and make me forgit 'at I ever had a daddy, or a mammy, or a ginteel raisin', or a wife 'ats been good to me, or a friend like you in 'stress, or a soul for to go to glory—an' ef I *should* turn nose, an' *should* come to de 'clusion to sell dat ar soul to de devil for to be sunk into de lowermos' pits of hell, whar' dere is weepin' an' wailin' an' grittin' o' teeth—den, I reck'n you'd like to die, and pisen me an' my house an' my wife an' chile wid you innocent blood."

So saying, he placed a small, flat mahogany box in Mr. Lloyd's hands. The latter, after gazing at George with wonder at the wild enthusiasm and fierce rapidity with which he spoke, with a quiver of indescribable emotions at recognition of his tender faithfulness and the rare refinement of his soul, at last opened the box in his hands, and found, surrounded by all the necessary appurtenances and equipments, a handsome pair of pistols! He looked quickly at George, and then turned his head away, but not so quickly as to conceal the tears that would come up into his eyes.

"Them is rael Derringers, marster. They was give to me in Cuby by Cap'n Spruce, when I sailed wid him for cook, an' he took de fever in Matanzes, an' all hands runned away 'cept me. He give 'em to me jest 'fore he died, 'case I nussed him, he said, an' them was all he had to give. They shoots splendid, sir. Hit a two-shillin' wid 'em at fifty yards. Now, you load 'em for youself, marster, an' put 'em under you pillow; an' ef you *is* betrayed, you'll have one ball for me, you know, an' tother for yourself."

All moved to his inmost soul, Mr. Lloyd extended his hand to George, gave him a grip full of all that free-masonry of confidence which cannot be simulated, and, as soon as he could trust himself to speak, cried out: "Why look you, George, do you fancy I do not trust you—do you think I have not looked into your noble heart, and read all its flawless honesty? My friend, were the reward an hundred fold what it is, I should sleep just as soundly to-night, I should rely upon you just as implicitly as I do now. Trust you! Ah, George, had I met and known men such as *you* are, in *my* world, I would not have been what Beale Lloyd is now. Come—drop that—sit down here, George, and I will show you how much I trust you, my friend;" and, forcing the negro to take a chair, he seated himself at the little table whereon were his writing materials, and drew out a large pocket-book from an inside pocket. "See here," said he; "these are notes and bills of exchange [illegible] open your eyes; you did not think I was so rich! It is a cursed wealth, indeed, George, that I would willingly fling away, if with it I could fling off the damned load at my heart. And here are securities which, once in England, I can convert into money—thirty times the value of these notes. I am rich, you see—yet how poor. Oh, my God, George, there is not a rag-picker who drags his weary feet about this city, and starves upon his crust a day, but is infinitely richer than I am! Come, we will not think of it. I will put these into two packages; something might happen—some accident—and then it would be of no use to me; so you must keep it all for me, and if I am—am taken, you may be able to use them in helping me to escape. When I leave here, you can give me the notes, as I will need them to bear my expenses. The other package, in this envelope, I want you to put into the post office for me after I am gone, so that I will get it in Liverpool. You understand me? Very well. Now take them, and put them away in a safe place, and, George——take these pistols away with you; it is too strong temptation to a desperate man; they cause me unpleasant thoughts, my friend."

"I understand, marster," said George, with something like a sob, "and I thank you, too, sir, an' I knows jest as well as I'm settin' here, 'at de good Lord 'ill bless you for dem very words, sir."

"Let us hope so, George," said the banker, softly, "for no one has greater need of His blessing than I."

On the evening of the fifth day, Mr. Lloyd assumed his disguise and made his final preparations for departure. He was to go aboard the vessel that night, and they were to weigh anchor early next morning. All things were ready, and, excited and weak, the banker sat in his room, George at his elbow, the wife bustling nervously about, wiping her eyes every now and then upon her apron, and their toddling child peeping at the great man from behind her mother's skirts, which she clung to very closely, for she would not make friends with that grief-stricken, forbidding-looking "white man," her pure instincts warning her of the sepulchral horrors that lived within his breast, and flickered about his presence, as the lurid "corpse-light" is said to flicker above a tomb.

"George," said Mr. Lloyd, speaking in low and tremulous tones, "of course, I have no idea of attempting to *pay* you for what you have done in my behalf, for your kindness, your sympathy, your ready wit, your actual assistance, the new hope you have given me, the grandness of human nature which I have learned to reverence in your person. That were worse than folly—it would be blindness—the arrogance of insanity—the bestial ingratitude of a savage. I shall not try even to thank you, for I—I have need of all my little strength just now, and I dare not recur to all your kindness. You will take the letter I gave you yesterday, to the post office, this day one week, and at the same time I wish you to go to the office of Mr. M——, the banker, and hand him this letter. Wait a week before delivering it, so as to prevent any pursuit of me. I hope that, when you have done so, what Mr. M—— will say to you and do for you, will be such and sufficient to prove to you that at least I am not an ungrateful man, however I may be a sinful and a weak one. I have put in it enough money to buy you a house, where Molly can have a nicer oyster cellar than this one ever will be, besides a few dollars to provide against a rainy day, or in case you happen to break your *other* leg, you know. And when you two are dead and gone, may be the little child there will remember with kind feelings, perhaps with a prayer, the poor publican and sinner whom you found wounded and ill by the roadside, and acted the part of good Samaritans towards—nay, the part of ministering angels."

"Now, you Molly!" shouted George, thumping his huge fist down upon his knee, with prodigious emphasis. "Now den! You hyar dat, don't you? What I tell you all 'long, hey? I 'spect you say not go arter dat! You always war a dam nigger, anyhow. I telled you that long time ago. *If* you aint 'shamed of youself, you ought to be. You got dat chist all packed?"

Molly began to cry, "lifting up her voice" to quite a high pitch. "Yes, George," she said, between her sobs, "I wish t' God you gi'me right down beatin,' 'ats what *I* wish. I'm a gwine to pack it now, and ef you don't go, you sha'n't be de inside o' my house no more, so sure as Gospel." And she ran out of the room.

"I didn' want you to do nothin' for us like dat ar, marster. Leastwise I didn' ax it of you, then you called on me to help. That time you say: George, I got no friends what I can trust, only you; then, sir, you pay me 'fore I done what was wanted. Howsomedever, I knows you gives wid a free heart, so dat it kinder pleases you more'n it does dem you give to, so all I kin say is: I'm much obleeged to you for it, big or little. Only, you give de letter to Molly, an' tell de gen'l'man she's de one you means. She'll 'tend to it all de same, an' like better care'n it 'n I will. Den, you know I won't be hyar, I'm gwine wid you."

"Going with me! What for? Impossible! I shall never return again, and you must not have your wife and child."

"Fooh! sho! she gets long well 'nough 'dout me, marster. She's done it often 'nough 'fore dis time, I 'spec'. No, sir; I'm gwine 'd you. You want somebody to shave you, an' bresh you clothes, untell you reaches de tother side, I reck'n. You use to havin' people waitin' on you, an' I like to know how you get 'long 'dout it, at dis time in you life? I know all that ar sort of thing. Seen people that ar way 'fore now. 'Sides, sir, you jis' take me—t'll do *me* good, too—it raelly will. I ain't been to sea dis long time, an' ef I don't take a t'y'ge now an' then, I dunno how it is, but I gets kinder rambunctious like, an' de fust thin' that happens, I'se 'sent back,' as de pleeceman says, to rom my head agin 'n iron do' in de Tombs. *I* kin come back, once you gits rightly fixed whar you goin'. I know de way over thar, fust rate—been to Live'pool, an' Marsail, and Po'ts-mahon, an' dat ar place whar dey makes figs, an' to Rottendam too—got a white woman wife *dar*. I like t' see old places over ag'in. You jis' take me 'long, jis' to please me. On'y make de change what's needed in dat letter fo' Mr. M., an' I'll carry dis here one, so we go out all right."

Thus did Beale Lloyd find his henchman.

At break of day the next morning, El Sagrado, a hermaphrodite brig, owned in Cadiz, with Tobal Cayetano for captain, weighed anchor, and, with a fair wind, set sail for Liverpool. On the poop stood Beale Lloyd and his faithful preserver. The former kept himself close muffled, and shrank away involuntarily, when, on one of the early moving ferry boats that passed under El Sagrado's stern, he recognised one of his most prominent Wall street neighbors. The precaution was needless—he did not, indeed, require a disguise, for he was ten years older now, since that day when he became known as "Beale Lloyd the forger."

As the brig danced on gallantly down the bay, they passed a large ocean steamer, crowded with passengers, just entering port. Her name was painted in great black letters on the wheel-house—"Beale Lloyd, U. S. M."

"Ah, George," murmured Ozymandias, looking at these evidences of his greatness with a wistful eye, "Ah, George—look there. They will change her name, I suppose, now."

Said George, consolingly—"she's mean ole tub anyhow—go to de bottom some dese days, same as if she was pig iron."

"But," murmured Mr. Lloyd to himself, without hearing George, "but they will not obliterate the name from those planks. They will only paint them over. Who shall whitewash ME?"

THE ARCTIC MYSTERY.

Thanks to a feminine courage which no disaster could dismay, which arose above difficulties as a bird rises above the earth, which neither dulled nor wearied even when strong men grew faint and dubious, the great mystery is cleared. News of Sir John Franklin and his gallant [illegible] terrible shadow which has darkened for so many years the imaginations of men is now removed. Lady Franklin has done that which Government declared impossible; a woman's restless and indomitable love proving once more, in the face of all the world, mightier than the greatest Boards and Cabinets. On Thursday, London was startled with a telegraphic dispatch from Capt. McClintock, announcing his safe return from the Arctic mission confided to him by Lady Franklin, with news of the fate of the Erebus and Terror, and with positive intelligence of Sir John Franklin's death, and inferential evidence that his crew must have perished, like himself, years ago. Capt. McClintock addressed the following letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty:

YACHT FOX, R. Y. S.

SIR: I beg you will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the safe return to this country of Lady Franklin's final searching expedition, which I have had the honor to conduct. Their Lordships will rejoice to hear that our endeavors to ascertain the fate of the "Franklin Expedition" have met with complete success. At Point Victory, upon the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated the 25th of April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we are informed that her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror were abandoned on the 22d of April, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N. N. W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105 souls, under the command of Capt. Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish river. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June, 1847. Many deeply-interesting relics of our lost countrymen have been picked up on the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that (subsequent to their abandonment) one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since remained, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth. Being unable to penetrate beyond Bellot Straits, the Fox wintered in Brentford Bay, and the search—including the estuary of the Great Fish river, and the discovery of 800 miles of coast line, by which we have united the explorations of the former searching expeditions, to the north and west of our position, with those of James Ross, Dease, and Simpson, and Ray, to the south—has been performed by sledge journeys this spring, conducted by Lieut. Hobson, R. N., Capt. Allen Young, and myself. As a somewhat detailed report of our proceedings will doubtless be interesting to their Lordships, it is herewith enclosed, together with a chart of our discoveries and explorations; and at the earliest opportunity I will present myself at the Admiralty to afford further information, and lay before their Lordships the record found at Point Victory.

I have the honor, &c.,

F. L. MCCLINTOCK, *Capt. R. N.*

This letter was accompanied by a long extract from the daily history of the yacht's proceedings. The Fox effected her escape out of the main pack in Davis's Straits, in lat. 63½ N., on the 25th of April, 1858, after a winter's ice drift of 1,194 geographical miles. Nothing of importance for the previous object of the voyage—though much valuable geographical knowledge was acquired—was gained from the excursions undertaken during the summer. The Fox wintered last year in Bellot Strait, in a snug harbor. Vegetation was tolerably abundant, and two Esquimaux hunters, Mr. Petersen, and several sportsmen, were constantly on the alert; yet the resources of the country, during eleven months and a half, only yielded eight reindeer, two bears, eighteen seals, and a few water fowl and ptarmigan. The winter was unusually cold and stormy. We must now quote Capt. McClintock's narrative:

"Early spring journeys were commenced on the 17th of February, 1859, by Capt. Young and myself—Capt. Young carrying his depot across to Prince of Wales Land, whilst I went southward, towards the magnetic pole, in the hope of communicating with the Esquimaux, and obtaining such information as might lead us at once to the object of our search. I was accompanied by Mr. Petersen, our interpreter, and Alexander Thompson, Quartermaster. We had with us two sledges drawn by dogs. On the 28th of February, when near Cape Victoria, we had the good fortune to meet a small party of natives, and were subsequently visited by about forty-five individuals. For four days we remained in communication with them, obtaining many relics, and the information that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore, off King William Island, but that all her people landed safely, and went away to the Great Fish river, where they died. This tribe was well supplied with wood, obtained, they said, from a boat left by the white men on the Great river. We reached our vessel after twenty-five days absence, in good health, but somewhat reduced by sharp marching, and the unusually severe weather to which we had been exposed. For several days after starting, the mercury continued frozen. On the 2d of April, our long-projected spring journeys were commenced; Lieut. Hobson accompanied me as far as Cape Victoria; each of us had a sledge drawn by four men, and an auxiliary sledge drawn by six dogs. This was all the force we could muster. Before separating, we saw two Esquimaux families living out upon the ice in snow huts; from them we learned that a second ship had been seen off King William Island, and that she drifted ashore in the fall of the same year. From this ship they had obtained a vast deal of wood and iron. I now gave Lieutenant Hobson directions to search for the wreck, and follow up any traces he might find upon King William's Island. Accompanied by my own party and Mr. Petersen, I marched along the east shore of King William Island, occasionally passing deserted snow huts, but without meeting natives till the 8th of May, when off Cape Norton we arrived at a snow village, containing about thirty inhabitants. They gathered about us without the slightest appearance of fear or syness, although none had ever seen living white people before. They were most willing to communicate all their knowledge, and barter all their goods, but would have stolen everything had they not been very closely watched. Many more relics of our countrymen were obtained. We could not carry away all we might have purchased. They pointed to the inlet we had crossed the day before, and told us that one day's march up to it, and from thence four days overland, brought them to the wreck. Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman; she said it was in the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore; many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went towards the Great river; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered. They all assured us that we would find natives upon the south shore, at the Great river, and some few at the wreck; but unfortunately this was not the case. Only one family was met with off Point Booth, and none at Montreal Island or any place subsequently visited.

"Recrossing the strait to King William Island, we continued the examination of its southern shore without success until the 24th of May, when about ten miles east of Cape Herschel a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow, a small pocket-book was found, containing a few letters. These, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress, this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Exquimaux's assertion, that they dropped as they walked along. On reaching Cape Herschel next day, we examined Simpson's Cairn, or rather what remains of it, which is only four feet high, and the central stones have been removed, as if by men seeking something within it. My impression at the time, and which I still retain, is, that records were deposited there by the retreating crews, and subsequently removed by the natives. After parting from me at Cape Victoria on the 28th of April, Lieut. Hobson made for Cape Felix; at a short distance westward of it he found [illegible] blankets, old clothes, and other relics of a shooting or magnetic station; but although the cairn was dug under, and a trench dug all around it at a distance of ten feet, no record was discovered. A piece of blank paper folded up was found in the cairn, and two broken bottles, which may perhaps have contained records, lay beside it amongst some stones, which had fallen from off the top. The most interesting of the articles discovered here, including a boat's ensign, were brought away by Mr. Hobson. About two miles further to the southwest a small cairn was found, but neither records nor relics obtained. About three miles north of Point Victory a second small cairn was examined, but only a broken pickaxe and empty canister found. On the 6th of May, Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn, was found a small tin case containing a record, the subst